

Iron County Register

VOLUME XVIII. NUMBER 44

IRONTON, MO., MAY 14, 1885.

Schedule of Passenger Trains.

NORTH BOUND TRAINS.	
Express, No. 602.....	2:55 A. M.
Mail and Express, No. 604.....	1:54 P. M.
Accommodation, No. 610.....	6:35 A. M.
SOUTH BOUND TRAINS.	
Mail and Express, No. 601.....	1:01 P. M.
Express, No. 603.....	12:19 A. M.
Accommodation, No. 609.....	7:35 P. M.

Weather Report

For the Week ending May 10th, 1885.

DATE.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.
May 4...	56-80	62-82	sw	sw	sw	0	5	0	10	0	0	0	0	0	0
5...	62-82	64-84	sw	sw	sw	0	10	0	10	0	0	0	0	0	0
6...	60-70	60-80	sw	sw	sw	0	10	0	10	0	0	0	0	0	0
7...	44-60	40-50	ne	ne	ne	10	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
8...	44-60	40-50	ne	ne	ne	10	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
9...	48-60	40-50	ne	ne	ne	10	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
10...	44-60	40-50	ne	ne	ne	10	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

1 to 3, clear; 4 to 7, fair; 8 to 10, cloudy.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Sensible the party whose stove still stands.

He warms his person and laugheth in his sleeve at his too previous neighbor.

Three new ads. this week—Gay, Hills & Co., H. H. Kiddle, and Henry Simerman, tell the public some things of importance.

Those "Night-Cap" Cigars all-tobacco cigarettes—two for five cents—at Capt. Crisp's Drug Store, are A. 1, for a fact. They are pure Havana, and as fine as any we have seen. Try them for yourself.

BORN—To Joseph Hasty and wife, on Wednesday evening, May 6, 1885, a girl.

As this makes Joe's fourteenth, he can't be charged with halting by the wayside: still since life is short, he can't be too hasty in building up his family.

Fred Kindel, our popular bootmaker, has built an addition to his dwelling. He is prospering in this world's goods, as he well deserves to; for a better mechanic, or a harder working one, does not live within the bounds of our little city.

The Rev. Thomas has a *prima facie* case. We have lived in Ironton for twenty-eight years, and in all that time have never heard of a minister's being overpaid for his work in the Valley. Come, brethren, you will have to prove your charges.

BORN—On Friday, 15th inst., to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Delano, a daughter. The mother was, for a day or two after, very ill, but at present is out of danger. Such being the case, and a rapid convalescence probable, we beg to tender our congratulations.

Thos. McGill, General Northwestern Agent Associated Traffic Lines—freight and passenger—of Chicago, Ill., with his wife and daughter, are spending a few weeks at the Arcadia House. Mrs. McGill is the niece of the late A. Roberson, former proprietor of the Arcadia House.

The Herald folks took down their faithful old stove two weeks ago, and in consequence have for the past ten days been luxuriating in blue noses and cold fingers. Neighbor, we feel for you, and if you get too cold, come over and warm: our stove occupies its wonted place. We're smart!

Heavy frosts cooked the garden-truck Saturday and Sunday nights. Potatoes were blackened, and beans, tomatoes and cucumbers killed. The early bird gets the worm, and your smart gardener catches the frost. And serves 'im right, too!

If you want fine colored poster printing—concert, picnic, mercantile, or the trades—come and see us. Samples on hand, and we will take pleasure in showing you. Or do you want an elegant visiting card? We have several kinds in stock, and excellent type to print them withal.

The tickets for the Fairy Bridal Entertainment are being sold rapidly, two weeks in advance. All who desire to be present should secure their seats at once. The box sheet is now ready at W. H. Delano's Store. The admission to all parts of the house is only thirty-five cents. No extra charge for reserved seats.

Messrs. Lopez have transferred Mr. Will Durham from their store in this city to their store in Ironton. Will says he wouldn't mind the change so much if it wasn't for leaving so many pretty girls with sad hearts.—*Piedmont Leader.*

Let him remain a few days in Ironton, and he will never more think of the Piedmont girls. It will be, "good-bye, John," as it were.

A query for the hog-roggers: Why is it that little pigs who couldn't turn a furrow in a sandbank are duly ringed, while the snouts of the elder swine—some of them will plough up an acre of tough sod every half hour—are left free to do as they will? A patent combined self-acting snout-punch and hog-catcher to the official who gives a satisfactory answer.

The work on the piers for the new bridge is progressing, and another week will probably see them ready for the superstructure. We think if they had been built two courses higher, it would have been all the better; but we have faith in the wisdom and experience of those overseeing the work. Judge Holloman has known the creek and crossing for fifty years.

Three arrests and convictions were had under the city ordinances last week: two parties being fined for permitting horses to run at large through the streets, and one for leaving his team unhitched in the street. We regret to see honest, hard-working men mulcted, but the city authorities are sworn to enforce the law, and it is as well that all be convinced that the ordinances cannot be violated with impunity.

BORN—To Thompson Blanton and wife, on Tuesday, May 6, 1885, a boy. All the parties interested are getting along finely. We cannot let this occurrence go by without the suggestion to "Thompson" that it looks as if he was discriminating a little: this makes four boys—one after another—to one girl, four boys—one after another—to one girl, but then perhaps neighbor Blanton may conclude that he knows his own business best.

Last Thursday about noon there came down upon this devoted portion of the foot-stool as heavy a snowstorm as we ever saw in ye gentle Ma month. The flakes were large and thickly falling, and looking through the window you could see the scurrying storm, one of the easily fancy himself transported to the period of the December blizzard, which came down for three or four days, and by Saturday evening enough of Arctic temperature was borne down upon its wings to effectually cool the goose of all the gardeners hereabouts. Fruit did not suffer, thanks to the backwardness of the season; but in ordinary years such a storm would have caused mourning with all the fruit-growers of the country. Ice was formed in the vessels sitting outside the houses.

Mrs. Pennington and her pupils are rapidly completing their preparations for the Concert and Cantata to be given Tuesday evening, May 20th, at the Academy of Music. Elegant costumes have just been received from the East; carpenters are now to be employed for two weeks arranging new and artistic decorations for the stage. So the public may look for something that will outshine anything ever before attempted in the Arcadia Valley. The programmes will appear in less than a week.

It is well for the county to take care of its paupers—to see that they are fed, clothed and lodged; but we don't think they ought to be given exclusive domain on the sidewalks in the south end of town. "Old Long John" is dissatisfied with his boarding-house, and everything is quiet on the Potomac. The main heading will go on as it did before. Some of the young blunders who visit the hill Sprays, and carry bunches of keys to try locks, had better leave them in their other pants pocket, or they may get them into trouble. There is a watchman up there. John Andrews has a contract in the shaft. The Benevolent Association of Miners held a meeting last Saturday, and appointed two more Committees. The appointees are Mr. Charles E. and Mr. Badlar Franza.

Our little George Grass was on the hill Sunday afternoon. He wasn't alone, either. Joseph Immer, an engineer on one of the hoisters, is very ill. Nick Jay is running opposite shift to Julius Divil, on the hoister in No. 2 Tunnel. Henry Anselung has again taken up his quarters at the Shaft as engineer, opposite "Little Dick," as they are working double shift. Charley Ople and Harry Harris broke through into the main-heading last night. It makes it quite humky for the main-heading boys to carry their steel to and from the shops.

Mr. Sinz, an old miner here, who is blind and retired for some years, prophesied the snow in May.

I understand the Pilot Knob band is again making some progress in their music. How about a picnic, boys?

The chain-gang on the hill is very jealous of the dump-gang, because Mr. Craine had a shed built to shelter from the rain and sun some of those poor, rheumatic old men.

Never mind, boys; when you get old and played out, maybe the Boss will give you a little job under the shed.

The boss wood-butcher took a gentle glide up to Iron Mountain last Wednesday afternoon, in company with the big boss.

Shoot the ground hog before it snows again!

It seems like a return to the days gone by to see old Honest John Schwab's familiar face in the store-room once more.

Ore is rushed down the hill now at the rate of about a mile a minute.

Since the first of the month the hill has commenced to run as it was run before the close-down. Why, we have a boss powder-monkey, car monkey, switch-monkey, and money-wrench—machinists, wood-butchers, and Italians.

All the bacon is cut bias in our store. I don't know how it is, but my wife is always too early or too late, for she gets the 3-cornered corner every time.

DIED—At Pilot Knob, Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, May 12th, 1885, of whooping-cough, EDIE, infant son of John and Annie Baker, aged 5 months. The parents have the sympathy of the community.

Satisfaction guaranteed at Jackson's Photograph Gallery.

A Card From Rev. Thomas.

Ed. Register—I ask space in your paper to correct a false impression that is being made upon the people of Ironton.

It is reported by some individuals, who have had opportunities for knowing better, that the money paid me by the Stewards of the church of which I am Pastor, was fully equal to the appropriation made to the different classes. Now, had I not learned from friends whose solicitude for myself and family is the prompting of an earnest care for the cause of the Master, that the above false statement was made as a means of justifying the withholding from us that which we are justly entitled to, and that the public is made to believe that we have been extravagant and unreasonable in our demands, I should have given the statement the silent contempt it justly deserves. But inasmuch as we have no system of compulsion for raising the Pastor's salary, as our monies are raised by a spontaneous giving by any and all being so disposed, and feeling that a generous and well-meaning public might be betrayed into a bias of distrust, and knowing that our only resource is public sympathy, I have felt it to be my duty to submit the following statement of our finances for the last conference year. A word of explanation will be necessary. According to our church polity, we have what is styled a Quarterly Conference, which is the church court of the Circuit or Station. By this tri-monthly conference, Stewards are elected whose duties are as follows (See discipline §20)—page 121: "To take an exact account of all the money or other resources received for the support of the Preachers. * * * To make an accurate return of every expenditure of money. * * * To seek the needy and distressed in order to relieve and comfort them. To inform the preacher of any that are sick. * * * To attend the Leaders' and Stewards' meeting. * * * To write Circular letters to the societies, exhorting them to greater liberality." They are accountable to the Quarterly Conference for the faithful performance of their duty. Again, §22, page 197: "The money effectively to raise the amount necessary to meet the allowances of the Ministers, let the Stewards, at the beginning of the year, estimate the amount needed monthly. Then ascertain from each member of the church, and as far as practicable, from each attendant of the congregation, what each will give as his monthly contribution."

Now, I make no reflections upon the innocent. It is no fault of my members or congregation that the above plan was not carried out; but that I have not I am ready to declare. I also have it from the lips of the Stewards themselves that the amounts I reported to the different Quarterly Conferences were larger than the amounts reported by them. Indeed, no effort was made by either, so far as I can ascertain, to keep accurate account of the amounts they received and paid over. Then, may I not urge, how could their reports, which were less than mine, argue that I had been fully or overpaid? I confess that it mortifies me to make this statement, but in justice to myself and the people that I serve, I feel it my duty to do so. Now for the table:

The first Quarterly Conference of last year appointed to Ironton and Pilot Knob \$150.00 of Ironton alone, 1st quarter \$150.00

" " " " 2d " " 150.00

" " " " 3d " " 150.00

" " " " 4th " " 150.00

including donation After last Quarterly Conference, and before going to Annual Conf. 11.00

Received of Pilot Knob for the year 11.00

Making a total \$98.75

The festival given me just before Conference, netting \$60.70, no suggestion of the authorized Stewards, but an expression of the generous impulses of the public in general, and yet this added to the salary received, would show a deficit of a few cents.

Now these reports as given above were

Tunnel Driftings.

That young gent with the blonde moustache is not the only young gent that did not take his girl to the Festival.

There are some more in the same box.

The war is over, and everything is quiet on the Potomac.

The main heading will go on as it did before.

Some of the young blunders who visit the hill Sprays, and carry bunches of keys to try locks, had better leave them in their other pants pocket, or they may get them into trouble.

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each adopted by a vote of the Quarterly Conference, not even a question having been raised as to correctness. I cannot see what motive any Methodist preacher could have in shortening his financial reports, for whether he gets his salary, more or less, it is all the same; for when the year closes the business of the year is closed also, and there is no law in our church to collect the discrepancies, if any should exist. My books are open for examination, and whatever may be said concerning the matter of salary is said in the question should at once.

B. F. THOMAS.

A Walking Skeleton.

Mr. E. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Penn. writes: "I was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on lungs, and reduced to a walking skeleton. I got a free trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which did me so much good that I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles, found myself once more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite, and a gain in flesh of 48 lbs." Call at P. R. Crisp's Drug Store and get a free trial bottle of this certain cure for all Lung Diseases. 3

Jackson's Photographs equal St. Louis work.

Hogan Happenings.

As some of your many readers may not know where Hogan is, it may be well enough to explain that it is situated on the Iron Mountain Railroad, seven miles south of Arcadia—"The Garden Spot of Missouri."

Business dull, and crops of all kinds in poor condition, owing to the late cold and unpleasant weather.

Miss Maggie Fenelon returned from a visit to St. Louis last week.

G. W. Scoggin, our enterprising merchant, went to St. Louis last week to lay in a stock of spring goods.

Section foreman Gibson and his men are helping to improve the Arcadia section. Mr. Gibson's section is now one of the best on the Division.

Mr. W. J. N. Gregory, of Doniphan, was there last Sunday visiting his relatives and friends.

Leon N. Miller, our genial night operator, contemplates a visit to his parents in the East, in the near future.

We understand that "pusher" conductor Andrews will take a passenger run on the main line shortly. Mr. Andrews will, undoubtedly, make a good passenger conductor, as he is an old man on the road, and understands his business.

Dr. Miner, of Lutesville, was here one day last week. The Doctor looks remarkably well.

A. D. Blomeyer, who is attending the Southwestern Railroad School of Telegraphy, in St. Louis, was here on a visit to his brother last week.

Our energetic blacksmith, Mr. Holloman, is kept very busy these days attending to the wants of his customers.

Our "Ximrod" says there is good hunting and fishing around here. We don't doubt it. But look here, "Nim," if you were to bring us another squirrel like the one last Wednesday, we'll annihilate you.

As it's been a long time between drinks, we will have to come to a— PERIOD.

Your buggy or spring wagon will be nicely painted at W. B. Newman's.

From Goodwater.

GOODWATER, Mo., May 8th, 1885.

Ed. Register—What's the matter with the "Secretary of the Weather" now? He must be on a return from the Arctic regions, judging from the iciness of his breath, since yesterday morning, for to and behold! we were disagreeably surprised by cold rain, sleet and snow, followed by a "whacking" frost last night, which "blitz" corn, beans, potatoes and other of the more tender plants. Altogether the temperature is such as one would naturally expect about the middle of March. We protest most emphatically against "sich donin'." If there is no material change in the weather within thirty days from date I would humbly suggest that the above named official be asked to resign, or—"turn the rascal out."

News hereabouts is "scarcer than hen's-teeth"—Farmers are generally done planting corn; some ready to begin the cultivation of their crops.

Geo. W. Love, Esq., who has been absent for some time attending a commercial college in St. Louis, has returned home.

Miss Ava A. Cole, one of the best girls in Washington county, was out on a visit to her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. M. Lucas removed to their new house last Wednesday.

I most heartily endorse, generally speaking, the principle advocated in the REGISTER of the 9th ult., with reference to the "War in Israel." It has been over twenty years since the declaration of peace at the close of "the late unpleasantness," yet, strange as it must appear to foreigners, we have among us, a quite numerous minority who cannot brook the idea of a *real, genuine, fraternal peace*, but seek, as frequently as possible, opportunities for "waving the bloody shirt." Such conduct is truly reprehensible and cannot meet with the approbation of any worthy citizen, regardless of party affiliation. E.

P. R. Crisp the Druggist, who is always looking after the interest of his customers; has just received of C. F. Bosah, of Boston, Cough and Lung Syrup, a remedy that never fails to cure Coughs, Colds, Pains in the Chest and all Lung Affections. For proof try a free sample bottle. Regular size 50 cents and \$1.00.

Have your buggy painted at W. B. Newman's.

DIED—At Pilot Knob, May 12, 1885, EDWARD SAMUEL beloved son of John and Annie Baker, aged 3 months.

Little Eddie, though only five months old at the time of his death, had attracted much attention for his many bright, intelligent little acts, and was the whole joy and life of his father and mother.

Close his eyes with gentle fingers, Cross his hands of snow, Tell the angels where he lingers They must whisper low.

Now he's with the angels yonder, See his bright and smiling face; He calls to his parents fondly, "Meet me at the party gates."

The parents' answer echoes loudly, "We will meet you—meet you—Darling little angel Eddie, When our earthly work is through."

"All is dark within our dwelling, Lonely are our hearts to-day; For the one we loved so dearly Has forever passed away."

A FRIEND.

FOR SALE—A desirable residence in Ironton, centrally located. Apply to G. B. Nail, Ironton, Mo.

Send to J. W. North, Kimmewick, Mo., for his collection of 20 plants for one dollar. Also, fine Roses, Carnations, and anything in the Florist's line.

A Letter From Bellevue.

Many thanks, Mr. Editor, for your courtesy.

I have just returned from Outre Fork. As I went out last week I saw all the farmers busy plowing and planting, and also noticed that Mr. Thompson, on the old Hughes farm, has put up about eighty rods of nice board fence. The materials are good and the work well done. It occurs to me that where that fence stands unless a man's hair is well clinched into his scalp the wind will blow it off in winter.

Mr. Thompson also has the contract to build a schoolhouse on Mr. Buddock's land, and is putting the lumber on the ground.

Mr. and Mrs. John Webb were well.

As I went over the hill Mr. Durhman's big cross dogs were out in the road, but as they had no doubt seen the REGISTER, they treated me with dignified forbearance which enabled me to notice a grandly beautiful young face at the window, and after awhile I was able to sing "Mein Grossmutter's Katt."

Passing on after calling on Miss Annie Duree, who is a young lady of ten years, and as pleasant a little scholar as ever crossed the door sill of a school room, and also resting awhile in the very pleasant home of Mr. Henry Wright, I found a home with Mr. J. A. Griffith with whom I stayed two nights and one day. Thence I passed on down the creek, calling on the old friends until the farm of Mr. Oesch was reached. That was home indeed. Pleasant looks and kind words greeted me, and there were interesting looks, and papers, good music, both vocal and instrumental, and all the surroundings pleasant. That farm looks grand. During the visit there the Sheriff of Reynolds county called to summon Mr. Oesch as a jurymen. Mr. Jamison is evidently a good officer.

On Black River the wheat is about an average crop for that region. The stalks of grain are about eight inches high with a fair stand.

In regard to the death of Mrs. Trollinger, I will only say that it was a cold-blooded, deliberate murder. Having a sure thing, the State can afford to wait as the defense is very industriously destroying its own case. There are some young gentlemen mixed up in the matter who will wish themselves out of it. The murder is the legitimate cropping out of a horrible state of affairs.

The Spring crops in Bellevue look well, and the country is now full of birds and flowers.

The war in Israel has left the churches in the same situation in